



Suspicious Minds
By Paul McCusker
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SCENE I.

[WHIT'S END. AT THE FRONT COUNTER. A NORMAL AFTERNOON.]

CONNIE:

(AS SHE PASSES THE COUNTER) Whit, I'm gonna wash these trays off.

WHIT:

Okay, Connie. (REGISTER RINGS AS DRAWER OPENS, WHIT IS TALKING TO A CUSTOMER AS HE GETS CHANGE) And ... Twenty-five cents is your change.

CUSTOMER:

Thanks, Whit.

EUGENE:

(APPROACHING) Mr. Whittaker ...

WHIT:

Yes, Eugene?

EUGENE:

I was wondering if it would inconvenience you for me to utilize the computer in your office for a short time while I'm on my break.

CONNIE:

(FROM THE KITCHEN) Oh, brother. (SHOUTS) Why don't you speak English!!!



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WHIT:

(CHUCKLES) You can use my computer if you need to, Eugene.

EUGENE:

Thank you. Normally, I'd use one of the computers at the college but lately they're all taken by the time I get there.

WHIT:

That's all right. You're welcome to it.

EUGENE:

I have hopes of buying a computer of my own so I won't have to impose upon you any longer. I've been saving for quite some time and am now only one hundred dollars short of the money I need.

CONNIE:

(COMING OUT FROM THE KITCHEN) You're gonna spend a hundred bucks on a dumb computer? Good grief!

EUGENE:

* Computers aren't dumb, Ms. Kendall. And it's more than a hundred. You obviously haven't grasped the need for computers in our day and time.

CONNIE:

Nobody needs a computer, Eugene. There are a lot more important things to get.

EUGENE:

Such as?

CONNIE:

Such as a car. If I had to spend a lot of money, I'd buy a



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car.

EUGENE:

A car -- ha!

WHIT:

Are you thinking about buying a car, Connie?

CONNIE:

Now that I have my driver's license -- yes. Mom and I have been talking about it and if I can save up another hundred dollars, I'm gonna buy a brand new 1967 Ford.

EUGENE:

A brand new 1967 Ford? Quite a contradiction in terms. (SNORTS) And you scoff at me!

CONNIE:

What's wrong with buying a car? It looks better on the road than a computer.

EUGENE:

I don't ride my computer, Ms. Kendall. I ride a bike. They're safe, economical and healthy.

CONNIE:

Oh, right, and you come in all sweaty. Give me an air-conditioned car any day.

EUGENE:

(GROANS) Mr. Whittaker -- what can I do? It's like casting the proverbial pearls before swine.

WHIT:

(WAVING THEM OFF) Oh, no you don't. You're not



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dragging me into this. I'm going up to my office.

[WHIT GOES.]

CONNIE:

What did you call me?

EUGENE:

I didn't call you anything.

CONNIE:

You called me a swine, didn't you?

EUGENE:

Ms. Kendall, we have work to do. (HE WALKS AWAY)

CONNIE:

You can't call me names and just walk away . . . Come back here!

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO THE NEXT SCENE.]

SCENE II.

[WHIT'S END. AFTER CLOSING TIME. WHIT IS AT THE CASH REGISTER COUNTING UP THE DAY'S INCOME. HE IS TALLYING THE AMOUNT OF MONEY IN THE DRAWER AGAINST THE RECEIPT TAPE.]

WHIT:

(COUNTING THE LAST OF THE CHANGE) Sixty-seven . . . sixty-eight . . . and sixty-nine. (THERE'S A PROBLEM) Hmm.

CONNIE:

(APPROACHING) The tables and dishes are ready for tomorrow, Whit.



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WHIT:

(DISTRACTED) Thanks, Connie. (TO HIMSELF) This doesn't make sense.

CONNIE:

What's wrong?

WHIT:

The totals don't match up.

CONNIE:

What do you mean?

WHIT:

Today's receipts tell me I should have one hundred and eighty-six dollars and sixty-nine cents but I only have one hundred twenty six dollars and sixty-nine cents.

CONNIE:

You're missing sixty dollars?

WHIT:

Yep. I better count it again.

CONNIE:

I'll look around. Maybe it fell on the floor.

[SHE BEGINS LOOKING]

EUGENE:

(APPROACHING) Everything is turned off upstairs.



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CONNIE:

(DRAMATICALLY) We're missing sixty dollars from the cash register, Eugene.

WHIT:

Now, Connie . . .

EUGENE:

Are you positive, Mr. Whittaker?

WHIT:

I'm double-checking now.

CONNIE:

I don't see anything back here. (AS SHE LOOKS) Wait! I found it-- (BEAT) Oh. It's a wad of napkins.

EUGENE:

Green?

CONNIE:

Left over from Christmas . . . If it wasn't dropped, what could have happened to it? I mean, you don't think someone stole the money, do you, Whit?

WHIT:

No, of course not.

EUGENE:

Besides, who could possibly steal it? There are only three people with the key to the register: Mr. Whittaker, myself and you. Unless, of course, one of us forgot to lock the register when it wasn't attended.



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CONNIE:

What if someone took it out of the register while we weren't looking?

WHIT:

Couldn't do that without the key, Connie. (BEAT, FINISHING HIS COUNT) One-hundred-twenty-six-dollars-and-sixty-nine-cents . . . We're still sixty dollars short.

CONNIE:

This is creepy. Who would do such a thing?

WHIT:

We don't know that anyone did, Connie.

EUGENE:

I'm very conscientious about locking the register and keeping the keys on my person.

CONNIE:

Well, it wasn't me! I make sure to lock up, too!

WHIT:

(WITH GREAT ASSURANCE) The money will turn up. Maybe the register receipts are printing wrong. I'll check it in the morning. Don't be so suspicious.

EUGENE:

I don't think it's unreasonable to be suspicious in this day and age, Mr. Whittaker.

WHIT:

Unreasonable or not, the fact is we know most of the folks who come in here. I can't believe any of them would take



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our money -- any more than I'd believe either of you would do it. It'll turn up. Don't worry about it.

EUGENE:

Yes, but any of us are capable of stealing -- don't you think?

WHIT:

True, but that doesn't mean we will steal. These are our friends you're talking about, Eugene. I'm sure there's a simple explanation for this. We'll find the money.

EUGENE:

However -- just to play the sleuth for a moment -- since it is obvious that we didn't take the money, someone may have had time to take Connie's keys and --

CONNIE:

(AN OUTBURST) I didn't leave -- !!!

EUGENE:

-- Pardon, pardon, beg pardon -- a mis-statement on my part. Someone may have had time to somehow take a key to the register and have a copy made. Unless you plan to have the register key and lock changed immediately, I think we would be wise to watch the register.

WHIT:

Well . . . all right. But I don't want to draw attention to this. I'm sure the money will turn up. Business as usual, okay?

CONNIE:

(RELUCTANT TO PROMISE) Okay.



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EUGENE:
(SCHEMING) Of course, Mr. Whittaker.

WHIT:
Meanwhile, I'll take the money we do have up to the safe.

[HE GOES OFF]

EUGENE:
Mr. Whittaker is a very wise man.

CONNIE:
He sure is.

EUGENE:
But there are times when I wonder if he isn't a little
sheltered from the wiles of the real world.

CONNIE:
You mean -- ?

EUGENE:
Yes, Ms. Kendall, I think we should watch the register very
closely tomorrow.

[MUSIC BRIDGES TO THE NEXT SCENE.]

SCENE III.

[THE NEXT DAY. WHIT'S END. WHIT IS FINISHING UP A PHONE CALL.]

WHIT:
I thought it was misprinting but everything looks all right.
Do you have the cleaning solution? (YES.) Good. I'll
come right around to get it. (HANGS UP, CALLS OUT)



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Connie? Eugene? I have to run to the hardware store.
(PAUSE) Connie! Eu --

EUGENE:
(POPS UP FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER) Here I am,
Mr. Whittaker. Behind the counter.

WHIT:
(STARTLED) Oh! I didn't see you there. Couldn't you
hear me?

EUGENE:
Yes, but I was trying to -- (BEAT, CHANGING THE
SUBJECT) You're going to the hardware store?

WHIT:
That's right. I won't be long. Eugene . . . is everything all
right?

EUGENE:
(NO) Yes. Absolutely. I was only . . . watching the
register . . . as we agreed last night.

WHIT:
Uh huh. Where's Connie?

EUGENE:
Oh . . . I'm sure she's around here somewhere.

WHIT:
(HE KNOWS SOMETHING'S UP) Well, see you later.

[WHIT WHISTLES, GOES OUT THE FRONT DOOR -- JINGLE -- AND IS GONE]



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EUGENE:

(QUIETLY) Miss Kendall, come out now. Mr. Whittaker's gone.

CONNIE:

Eugene, I'm not sure about this.

EUGENE:

It's a simple, full-proof plan. You hide over there in the corner -- behind those houseplants and trees -- and you'll have a clear view of the register.

CONNIE:

But what if somebody sees me? What will I say?

EUGENE:

Just tell them you're . . . you're watering them.

CONNIE:

They're plastic, Eugene.

EUGENE:

(WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT) Watering them to clean them.

CONNIE:

I don't know . . .

EUGENE:

Ms. Kendall, you must trust me. The only way we'll discover what became of the money will be to catch the one who stole it. It's for his or her own good.

CONNIE:

(GIVING IN) All right . . . just so no one sees me back



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there.

EUGENE:

You're wearing green clothes. (AS AN ABSURD THOUGHT) What else do you want to do -- put camoflaugreasepaint on your face? (SHOOING HER AWAY) Quickly, now before the customers start coming in.

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO THE NEXT SCENE.]

SCENE IV.

[WHIT'S END -- A LITTLE LATER. BERNARD APPROACHES THE COUNTER, MUMBLING TO HIMSELF.]

BERNARD:

Good, Bernard. Whit asks you to clean his windows and you forget half your equipment. I'll have to use some paper towels. (TO HIMSELF) Paper towels . . . paper towels . . . where does Whit keep the paper towels? (BEAT, SEEING SOME) Behind the counter -- where else? (REACHING FOR THEM) I don't think he'll mind.

[WE HEAR THE CLICK OF HANDCUFFS]

EUGENE:

Gotcha, you're apprehended you premeditated pilferer!

BERNARD:

Hey! What -- ?

EUGENE:

(EMERGING FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER) Don't move. These handcuffs are designed for maximum effectiveness.



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BERNARD:

Ow! Let go of my wrist!

EUGENE:

(BEAT) Oh, it's you, Mr. Walton.

BERNARD:

Course it is! What's this all about? Get me out of these handcuffs!

EUGENE:

In time, sir. But -- first I have to know what you were doing.

BERNARD:

I was looking for paper towels! (What I get for leaving mine at home . . .)

EUGENE:

Paper towels? And how did you know we kept paper towels behind the counter?

BERNARD:

I could see them.

EUGENE:

Very convenient. Would you mind if I locked you to the counter until Mr. Whittaker returns? He might want to ask you some questions before pressing charges.

BERNARD:

Are you out of your mind?! Press charges for what?



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EUGENE:

Petty theft. Sixty dollars to be exact.

BERNARD:

This is ridiculous. Are you accusing me of stealing money?

CONNIE:

(APPROACHING) Eugene! What are you doing?

BERNARD:

(RELIEVED) I'm glad you're here, Connie. Will you please tell -- (BEAT) What's that all over your face? (Most women do mudpacks at night.)

CONNIE:

Just some greasepaint.

BERNARD:

You been out on maneuvers or are you here to take hostages?

CONNIE:

I was --

EUGENE:

Please, Ms. Kendall --

CONNIE:

I was watching him, Eugene. He wasn't doing anything.

BERNARD:

Listen to her!



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CONNIE:

I could see him clearly from behind the artificial trees. He wasn't going for the cash register.

BERNARD:

The cash register! If I was going to rob a cash register, do you think I'd come here? (This place is getting loonier all the time.)

EUGENE:

It would be helpful, sir, if you didn't add to the confusion.

BERNARD:

Look, Detective -- I'm Bernard Walton! You know me -- both of you know me! I was trying to get some paper towels! To clean the windows! You can't really suspect me of --

EUGENE:

Sorry, Mr. Walton. These are difficult times. We must suspect everyone.

BERNARD:

I see . . . (DELIBERATE CALMNESS) I understand . . . (LOW AND VICIOUSLY) . . . but you're gonna suspect what an old squeegee tastes like if you don't get these handcuffs off of me in the next five seconds!

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO THE NEXT SCENE]

SCENE V.

[WHIT'S END. AFTER CLOSING. AGAIN, WHIT IS TALLYING THE REGISTER RECEIPTS WITH THE CASH IN THE DRAWER. CONNIE AND EUGENE ARE PRESENT.]



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WHIT:

(STERNLY) All right, you two. Now that you've had your day of "fun", we're going to talk about it.

EUGENE:

Mr. Whittaker, you must understand that we were only trying to --

WHIT:

I understand what you were trying to do, Eugene. You were trying to catch somebody stealing from the register. Frankly, I'm ashamed of the both of you.

CONNIE:

But, Whit --

WHIT:

Most of the people who come into Whit's End are our friends -- well, they used to be. After your shennanigans today, I'm not so sure. (TONE OF DISBELIEF) Hiding behind the counter with handcuffs. Really, Eugene. You've been reading too many detective stories.

EUGENE:

I don't read them at all.

WHIT:

Maybe you should -- then you wouldn't come up with such silly ideas. What were you going to do next: set up bear traps?

EUGENE:

Actually--



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WHIT:

(CUTTING HIM OFF) And you, Connie. Crawling around like Rambo through the houseplants -- in camoflaugre greasepaint!

CONNIE:

I'm sorry, Whit.

WHIT:

I spent most of the afternoon trying to assure at least a dozen people that you hadn't lost your minds. And there was another dozen who were so offended you suspected them of stealing, they might never come back again. Why didn't you listen to me?

EUGENE:

I take full responsibility for this, Mr. Whittaker. You seem convinced that the money will turn up. I believe there are more devious forces at work.

WHIT:

Who? Our customers? The people of Odyssey? Eugene, when I reach the point where I can't trust the folks who come in to enjoy my shop, then I'll close it. Next thing, you'll be suspecting each other of taking the money -- or even me.

EUGENE:

Never, Mr. Whittaker.

CONNIE:

Good grief, Whit.

WHIT:

Well, let me finish these totals so we can go home . . . (WE



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HEAR HIM COUNTING AND RUNNING AN ADDING MACHINE) I double-checked the print-out on the register and it works perfectly. I'm using this adding machine to be sure I don't make a mistake with the money.

[HE BUSIES HIMSELF WITH THE TOTALS WHILE CONNIE AND EUGENE TALK]

CONNIE:

(LOW VOICE) I told you hiding in the houseplants wasn't a good idea.

EUGENE:

(LOW VOICE) I didn't think even you would take a casual comment about greasepaint so seriously.

CONNIE:

(LOW VOICE) Oh -- and the handcuffs were a real success, weren't they?

EUGENE:

(LOW VOICE) They would have worked perfectly if Bernard didn't mangle them with his squeegee.

WHIT:

(FINISHING HIS TOTALS) There. The register tape says we should have one hundred and fifty-three dollars and twelve cents.

EUGENE:

And how much cash did we receive?

WHIT:

[SLOWLY] One hundred and thirteen dollars and twelve cents.



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CONNIE:

(GASPS) Oh no!

EUGENE:

But, that means . . .

WHIT:

Exactly -- we're missing another forty dollars!

[OVERDRAMATIC MUSIC BRIDGE TAKES US TO THE COMMERCIAL]

[COMMERCIAL]

SCENE VI.

[PICKING UP WHERE THE LAST SCENE LEFT OFF.]

WHIT:

So, we're short forty dollars.

EUGENE:

Hmm. Sixty dollars was missing last night ... forty dollars tonight ...

CONNIE:

That's a hundred dollars total.

EUGENE:

An interesting amount.

CONNIE:

But . . . why would anyone take a hundred dollars exactly?

WHIT:

We don't know that anyone took it, Connie. Why don't you



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listen to me?

CONNIE:

Eugene . . . you said you needed another hundred dollars to buy a computer.

WHIT:

Wait a minute . . .

EUGENE:

Curiously enough, Miss Kendall, you said you needed a hundred dollars to buy a brand new used car.

WHIT:

Now, just hold on . . .

CONNIE:

You're the one who thinks everyone is capable of stealing the money!

EUGENE:

You work the cash register far more often than do I!

WHIT:

Stop it! I won't have that kind of talk. Do you realize what you're accusing each other of doing? Do you?

[SILENCE]

WHIT:

(SIGHS) I still believe the money will turn up. Now, let's go home and . . . just forget about this. No more suspicions. No more handcuffs or greasepaint or hiding in



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plants or behind counters . . . Got it?

[SILENCE]

WHIT:

Well, you better. If we have another day tomorrow like we had today, there won't be a Whit's End to worry about.

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO THE NEXT SCENE.]

SCENE VII

[WHIT'S END. THE FAR END OF THE COUNTER.]

CONNIE:

(COUNTING MONEY QUIETLY) Ninety-eight . . . ninety-nine . . . one hundred. Perfect.

BERNARD:

Connie?

CONNIE:

(STARTLED) Oh! -- Hi, Mr. Walton! You scared me. I thought you were Eugene.

BERNARD:

That's a feeling I understand. . . What's a girl your age doing with all that money?

CONNIE:

All what money?

BERNARD:

The money you tried to hide under the table when I came



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up.

CONNIE:

(BRINGING IT OUT) Oh . . . that money. It's . . . well . . . nobody's supposed to see it.

BERNARD:

You picked a funny place to hide it.

CONNIE:

I mean, Whit and Eugene aren't supposed to see it. I was waiting until they weren't around so I could put it back in the cash register.

BERNARD:

Back in the cash register? I thought the problem here was that the money was being taken out of the cash register? (Somebody needs to publish an outline of this thing.)

CONNIE:

No -- this money needs to go back.

BERNARD:

Oh. (SERIOUSLY) Did you take the money, Connie -- and you feel guilty so you're putting it back?

CONNIE:

No! I wouldn't do something like that! I'm putting my own money in there so . . . so someone else won't get in trouble.

BERNARD:

You know who took the money?



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CONNIE:

(HEDGING) I'm pretty sure. And I was thinking about it last night and I decided the Christian thing to do would be to put my own money in the cash register so he won't get in trouble.

BERNARD:

He?

CONNIE:

Yeah. I'm waiting for the right time to do it. Maybe if I send him to the bank for a roll of quarters or something.

BERNARD:

Well . . . don't you think you oughtta talk to Whit about this first?

CONNIE:

No! If he found out I was doing this then he'd know Eugene really took the money and there'd be no point in my trying to help him.

BERNARD:

Eugene?

CONNIE:

I didn't say that! You didn't hear me say that!

BERNARD:

(SHRUGS) It's none of my business. I just wash windows and get handcuffed, that's all. Where is Whit anyway? I have to talk to him about his back windows.



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CONNIE:

He may be in the workroom. I heard someone working down there earlier.

BERNARD:

Thank you. (BEAT) Oh -- Connie --

CONNIE:

Yeah?

BERNARD:

For what it's worth, I think your heart's in the right place . .

CONNIE:

Really?

BERNARD:

Yeah -- your brain is missing in action, but your heart's in the right place. (Don't know where these kids get their cock-a-mamey ideas.)

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO THE NEXT SCENE.]

SCENE VIII.

[THE SCENE BEGINS WITH THE SOUND OF DRILLING -- SIMILAR TO THE SOUND OF SOMEONE'S TEETH BEING DESTROYED. WE ARE IN WHIT'S WORKSHOP AT WHIT'S END. EUGENE IS HARD AT WORK ON A LITTLE "TRAP".]

BERNARD:

(APPROACHING) Whit? Whit!

EUGENE:

(PANICKED) Where?!?



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BERNARD:

I don't know.

EUGENE:

Oh! You startled me, Mr. Walton. I thought you might be him.

BERNARD:

Why would Whit be calling his own name all the way down the stairs? (This place gets loonier all the time.) Where is he?

EUGENE:

Out running errands. Now, if you'll excuse me: time is of the essence.

BERNARD:

(GESTURING TO WORK TABLE) What in the world is this contraption?

EUGENE:

(PROUDLY) Well . . . just between us . . . I've come up with a plan to capture the one who's been stealing money from the register.

BERNARD:

(MOCKINGLY) Really?

EUGENE:

I'm going to hook this cable here -- (BEAT) would you hold it for a moment please? --

BERNARD:

Sure.



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EUGENE:

I'm going to hook this cable to a small car battery and this other cable to a bell beneath the register. If someone tries to open the register without my knowing it, they'll get zapped and set off the bell.

BERNARD:

Mighty inventive.

EUGENE:

I used to do this to my parents when they were dieting. It kept them away from the refrigerator.

BERNARD:

You must've been a joy to have around as a child. What about Whit and Connie?

EUGENE:

I'll tell Mr. Whittaker as soon as he gets back from his errands.

BERNARD:

And Connie?

EUGENE:

Well . . . ah . . . I'll just make sure I run the register today. I've made a switch to turn it on and off.

BERNARD:

It's none of my business, but -- are you telling me you think Connie took the money?



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EUGENE:

These are desperate times, Mr. Walton. We're all capable of behaving as we shouldn't. I don't blame her -- I should like to see her get help.

BERNARD:

I think you all need help.

EUGENE:

I beg your pardon?

BERNARD:

Nothing.

EUGENE:

I have to figure out how to get Connie to leave for a short time while I set this up.

BERNARD:

Why don't you send her to the bank for some quarters?

EUGENE:

That's a brilliant idea, Mr. Walton! Thank you! (BEAT)
Now, did I leave this switch on or off? I better test it.

[WE HEAR THE CLICK OF THE SWITCH FOLLOWED BY A LENGTHY ZAP OF ELECTRICITY -
- THROUGH BERNARD. HE REACTS.]

BERNARD:

Turn it off!

EUGENE:

I guess that was the "on" position.



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BERNARD:

(PAINED) I guess it was.

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO THE NEXT SCENE.]

SCENE IX.

[WHIT'S END. MUCH LATER. WHIT CASUALLY STROLLS INTO THE PLACE. BERNARD GETS HIS ATTENTION IMMEDIATELY]

BERNARD:

(QUIETLY) Whit! Whit! Over here.

WHIT:

(NORMAL VOICE) Oh hi, Bernard. I was just --

BERNARD:

Ssssshhhh! Come here.

WHIT:

(QUIETLY) What's going on? What are you doing in this corner? You're getting as bad as Connie and Eugene.

BERNARD:

Not that bad, Whit. Not yet. But I've been waiting to see.

WHIT:

What are you talking about?

BERNARD:

Well . . . the way it looks from here: For the past hour, Eugene and Connie have been fighting over who will go to the bank to get a roll of quarters.

WHIT:

We don't need quarters.



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BERNARD:

No, no, Whit. It was a ploy. You'll see. Connie finally gave in and went to the bank. While she was gone, Eugene hooked up his trap.

WHIT:

His trap? But I told him not to --

BERNARD:

Hold on. It gets better. Connie got back and she's been trying to get rid of Eugene so she can put a hundred dollars back in the cash register. Of course, she doesn't know it's rigged.

WHIT:

What?!?

BERNARD:

I'm telling you, Whit. I haven't had this much fun since I had my corns removed.

WHIT:

I'm sorry, Bernard, but I've got to get to the bottom of this.

BERNARD:

Wait, Whit! Just a few more minutes. I've been here all afternoon to see how this plays out. (BEAT) Connie just asked Eugene to go back to the freezer to get more ice cream. Watch.

[OUR PERSPECTIVE MOVES TO THE COUNTER.]

EUGENE:

More chocolate ice cream? But, Ms. Kendall, we have



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more chocolate than we need!

CONNIE:

We always run out of chocolate, Eugene. Just get some. Please?

EUGENE:

All right, but . . . (AWKWARDLY) but don't ring anything up on the register.

CONNIE:

Why not?

EUGENE:

I . . . I think Mr. Whittaker was working on it.

CONNIE:

It was working fine earlier.

EUGENE:

Well, it's working differently now. Don't touch it until I get back.

CONNIE:

Just go, Eugene.

EUGENE:

(FROM A DISTANCE) Don't touch the register!

CONNIE:

(TO HERSELF) You don't have to worry about me touching the register, Eugene. (PAUSE, GETS OUT THE MONEY) Okay . . . one hundred dollars. I'll just slip it in here and --



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WHIT:
(APPROACHING) Connie! Wait!

CONNIE:
(SHOCKED) Whit! Where did you come from?

BERNARD:
(FOLLOWING) Aw, Whit, you're spoiling the whole thing.

WHIT:
What are you doing, Connie?

CONNIE:
Me? I'm just . . . you know . . . standing here.

WHIT:
With a stack of money in your hand?

EUGENE:
(ENTERING) Money? Who has money?

CONNIE:
I have an explanation for this.

WHIT:
I hope so.

EUGENE:
Ms. Kendall! What are you doing with all that money?

CONNIE:
It's . . . it's easy to explain . . .



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EUGENE:

Yes, but how did you get the money out of the register without being shocked?

CONNIE:

I wasn't taking the money out, Eugene. I was -- (BEAT) Shocked? Why would I get shocked?

BERNARD:

You see, Whit? The best part was coming up.

CONNIE:

(OFFENDED) Did you set some kind of trap, Eugene?

EUGENE:

Well . . . only a small one. You wouldn't have been hurt (much).

WHIT:

Eugene, what did I tell you?

CONNIE:

(ANGRY) You thought I took the money?!? How could you?!?

EUGENE:

What's that in your hand -- confetti? It's all right, Connie. We understand. We'll get you help.

CONNIE:

I don't need help. You need help! I was putting the money in here for you so you wouldn't get arrested for stealing!



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EUGENE:

Me! I didn't steal the money! What an absurd thought!

CONNIE:

No worse than you thinking I did it, because I didn't!

BERNARD:

(WITH WARPED GLEE) This is why I enjoy Whit's End so much.

WHIT:

Now, wait a minute. Everyone hold it. We're going to sort this out one thing at a time.

CONNIE:

Look, Whit, it's my money. Ask Bernard. I was going to put it in the register --just like this --

WHIT:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY) Connie!

EUGENE:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY) Ms. Kendall!

[WE HEAR HER HIT THE REGISTER KEYS AND OPEN THE DRAWER -- WITH A SMALL RING OF A BELL.]

CONNIE:

I thought it would help Eugene.

EUGENE:

My trap! It didn't work! (ANGRY WITH HIMSELF) I



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must not have had the switch in the right position.

[WE HEAR THE CLICK OF THE SWITCH AND A LONG ZAP OF ELECTRICITY GO THROUGH EUGENE. HE REACTS.]

EUGENE:

Whooooaa! (BEAT) Uh huh. That was the problem.

WHIT:

All right. That's it. I've had enough of this nonsense. I want the two of you to go home. You can have the rest of the day off.

EUGENE:

What?

CONNIE:

Why?

WHIT:

Because you're dangerous when you're like this. You've made nothing but a mess since this whole thing started! First you don't trust our customers, then you turn on each other!

CONNIE:

But I was going to give him my money!

WHIT:

Because you believed he took the money from the register! It amounts to the same thing. And this contraption of yours, Eugene! I expected better behavior!



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EUGENE:

It worked for my parents. They lost twenty pounds.

WHIT:

Go home. I'll take care of things here until you learn a little more about trust.

CONNIE:

But, Whit --

WHIT:

Go. Just keep your money and close the register drawer.

CONNIE:

I'm sorry, Whit.

[SHE TRIES TO CLOSE THE DRAWER, BUT IT WON'T.]

CONNIE:

Whit? It won't close.

EUGENE:

Oh, I hope my trap didn't break it.

BERNARD:

(Maybe your handcuffs fell in there, Eugene.)

WHIT:

Let me see . . . (HE PLAYS WITH THE DRAWER)
That's strange. Stand back, let me pull the drawer out.

[WHIT PULLS THE DRAWER OUT AND LOOKS IN]

WHIT:

There's something stuck in the corner there. Hand me that



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soda spoon, Connie.

CONNIE:

(HANDING HIM THE SPOON) Here.

[WE HEAR WHIT FIDDLE, REACHING IN WITH THE SPOON. HE GETS IT AND PULLS IT OUT. EVERYONE IS SURPRISED.]

WHIT:

Well, I'll be . . .

CONNIE:

Money!

EUGENE:

Looks like a collection of twenty-dollar bills.

WHIT:

Twenty . . . forty . . . sixty . . . eighty . . . one hundred dollars. They must've been catching on something and got pulled out of the slot and behind the drawer.

BERNARD:

You mean all this fuss was over a cantankerous cash register drawer?

WHIT:

It sure looks that way.

BERNARD:

You folks are a bunch of looneys.



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CONNIE:

Isn't that funny? The money fell out of the drawer.

EUGENE:

The most difficult problems often have the simplest explanations.

WHIT:

I hope you two are properly embarrassed. Y'know, if you showed a little trust all along, you would've saved yourselves a lot of wasted energy. Earning each other's trust is tough enough, it shouldn't be so easy to break. Now I want you two to apologize.

EUGENE:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY) I'm sorry, Mr. Whittaker.

CONNIE:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY) Sorry, Whit.

WHIT:

To each other!

EUGENE:

I . . . I apologize for not trusting you, Ms. Kendall.

CONNIE:

Yeah . . . well . . . I'm sorry, too, Eugene.

WHIT:

Much better. Now maybe we'll have a little peace around here.

[PLAYFUL MUSIC BED BEGINS]



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EUGENE:

I suppose we should now that we've solved that mystery.

CONNIE:

What do you mean "we", kimosabe? You didn't solve anything. I'm the one who noticed the drawer wouldn't close.

EUGENE:

But you wouldn't have opened the drawer if you weren't putting the money in for me.

CONNIE:

That's ridiculous!

EUGENE:

It's logical!

[THEY ARGUE UNDERNEATH THE NEXT LINES]

WHIT:

Bernard -- you wouldn't be interested in buying an ice cream shop, would you?

BERNARD:

Are you kidding? I couldn't handle all the excitement.

[THEY LAUGH, CONNIE AND EUGENE ARGUE AND THE MUSIC TAKES US OUT OF THE EPISODE]